

LILLIAN RUSSELL TAKES A TUMBLE AT CHICAGO, ILL.

THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

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RICHARD K. FOX,
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HER ANKLE IN EVIDENCE.

IT BELONGS TO A BEWITCHING BALLET DANCER AND CAUSES A GOTHAM JUDGE TO BLUSH.



RICHARD K. FOX, . . . Editor and Proprietor.

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COLLEGE ATHLETICS.

The rather arbitrary views which the president of Harvard College recently expressed on the subject of athletics has set the college world agog. In fact, most of the students are quite unanimous in condemning the stand he has taken in this matter. Moreover, there is much disappointment expressed that he should content himself with a general survey of the field, without saying anything as to what is to be done, or what he thinks should be done.

It must be admitted, however, that the president's position on athletics is genuinely right at the outset. He believes that the university ought to turn out men serviceable to the community; that for this purpose athletics are a necessity; that intercollegiate athletics are justifiable only as affording a needed stimulus to athletics as a whole, and that now this stimulus is too dearly bought.

This ideal is sensible, but it fails to recognize the vital questions of all. "What are the practicable reforms? And how can the sport be reformed without being killed?" His conception of the ideal college athletics as composed of "running, walking, tennis," would surely kill college sport and is obviously impracticable of realization.

The manner in which President Eliot compares the football games to bull fights, and also suggests the ever present liability to death, is distasteful at least, since surely it unjustly exaggerates the truth.

It would seem that President Eliot in this matter has allowed himself to be swayed too much by so-called "public opinion," which this time means the perverted newspaper reports and comments. This is indicated by the fact that whereas last year he admitted the merits of football, complaining only of its abuses, this year he declares the game to be "unfit for college use."

The truth of the matter in a nutshell is that in the present extremities to which the game of football has been carried, President Eliot foolishly goes to opposite extremities. The happy mean lies somewhere between the present state of affairs and what President Eliot would like to have.

MASKS AND FACES.

Cissy Fitzgerald Yearns to Shine In Comedy.

CHORUS GIRLS ARE SHOCKED.

The Plight of Helen Bertram an Awful Warning to Prima Donnas.

LOLA YBERRI'S HORIZONTAL KICK.

New Yorkers have completely turned the pretty blonde head of Cissy Fitzgerald, and no wonder.

The "ten pounds a week" girl has had managers at her feet, and before she signed with Charles Frohman for "The Foundling" she was offered such ridiculously large salaries that she must imagine herself to be one of the curios of the century. The day after she sailed out of the Bijou Theatre and it was announced that she would not appear in "The Twentieth Century Girl" (nobody believed the diaphanous dressing-room story), Hoyt & McKee made her an offer, Saudow sent for her to join his vaudeville company, Koster and Bial offered her, it is said,

remarkable for his trousers. Then Miss Loftus tried Henry Miller, but his peculiarities did not appeal to her. She was far more interested in Miss Viola Allen, whom she may possibly imitate later on. A few afternoons ago the little lady went to the matinee at Tony Pastor's, and if she can only give New Yorkers a fair idea of their beloved Tony her fortune is made. Miss Loftus has introduced Koster & Bial's audience to her interpretation of Albert Chevalier and Gus Elen—the two coster-singers.

Speaking of Herbert Kelcey, reminds me of what a friend said recently about the leading man of the Lyceum Theatre.

"If he were to write his name Herbert Lamb," said he, "we would look at him twice to see if he was our old favorite. Probably the slim and handsome Bertie Lamb, who used to keep a sporting goods emporium on one of the suburban 'roads,' in England, would not be recognized in the heavy-shouldered Kelcey, leading man in an American stock company. The maternal Mrs. Lamb was an old lady with a mind of her own, and two fatherless children, a boy and a girl, to bring up. There was considerable money in the family and all the amusements of the day for the young people, including private theatricals. Upon one occasion, William Terriss, the actor, who comes over here with Henry Irving, was the coach for a Christmas play at the Lambs'. He watched the slim young Bertie Lamb go through his part, and said at once:

"You are too good an actor to be anything else."

Felham Clinton (deceased), Duke of Newcastle. The bride is set forth as May Augusta Yohe, daughter of William William Yohe (deceased), "of independent means." Why the ingenious and sprightly Miss Yohe explained her father's social position in this enigmatical way is a hard matter to determine.

William William Yohe kept a small and, as his daughter would say, by no means "recherchoo" inn at Bethlehem, Pa. It was a low-roofed, old fashioned place which finally passed into the hands of a man named Hoppe, who now runs it in a new and more ornate style as the Eagle Hotel. During her residence in this country I had the honor of being acquainted with the future Duchess of Newcastle. She was a portly girl of great wit and good humor.

One day she stopped me on Broadway and Thirtieth street with the mysterious assertion that she intended to "do something awful. Come back," she continued, "and witness a tragedy." Whereupon she conducted me solemnly to the entrance of Daly's Theatre. "Now," she said with a well-assumed expression of terror, "if an earthquake strikes me, you can witness that I deliberately tempted fate. I am going to eat peanuts in front of Daly's."

Which she immediately did, and cast the shells into the porch with the expression of one who defied the elements. After which she went her way rejoicing.

It was this lively humor that established her in London favor. I remember one night in the Trafalgar Square Theatre watching her playing the part of a nun in some musical trifle. The character required her to be demure and quiet. But she must find some vent for her merri-ment, and in this necessity she procured a long hatpin, and every time the leading singer came within reaching distance she thrust the merciless weapon into his leg. The unhappy man squirmed and grimaced with agony, but the audience roared with laughter and the maiden still pursued him.

"Say," she whispered into my box after one of these passages, "when you go back, tell 'em that I'm having lots of fun with these Johnny Bulls. Oh! I call this a regular picnic, I do."

After which she stabbed the tenor once more. She is an extremely lively young woman, is the coming Duchess of Newcastle, and when she arrives in possession of her marital inheritance she will give the peerage of England something of a shake-up.

The dismissal of Helen Bertram from the cast of "Little Christopher" and the engagement of Bessie Bonehill to take her place points to an excellent brace of morals, which might be read, marked, learned and inwardly digested by the profession at large.

A few nights ago Miss Bertram sent a doctor's certificate to the Garden Theatre announcing that she was too ill to leave the house. Half an hour later one of the employees of the Garden wandered into the Herald Square and desecrated Miss Bertram's apartment, applauding the performance of "Rob Roy" very heartily. Manager Rice, as soon as he heard the news, dismissed Miss Bertram without notice.

There is many an actress in town whose inner consciousness must have been seriously perturbed when she heard of Miss Bertram's plight. A doctor's certificate can be bought at any time for a mere song; indeed there are several quacks in town who derive a large part of their small incomes from the sale of these certificates. The leading women and the better known actresses seldom make use of them.

Their repugnance to letting their understudy have an opportunity to play their role keeps them in a perpetual state of health. But the actresses who play small parts have no such scruples. When "A Gaiety Girl" was playing at Daly's there was scarcely a night during the engagement that some one of the actresses was not seen at some other theatre. Mr. Rice's ultimatum, however, is liable to raise the general health of the actresses even more effectually than sarsaparilla.

The engagement of Bessie Bonehill points to the second moral. Miss Bonehill is one of the cleverest variety artists that ever appeared here. She drew an unusually large salary from the variety theatres, and as she was in the habit of appearing at two and sometimes three in the course of one evening, she was able to earn more money than almost any American actress who is drawing salary. But the starring bee envenomed itself in Miss Bonehill's bonnet. There was no cure for it but a barnstorming tour. It took two tours to completely cure Miss Bonehill and to convince her that hard cash in hand is worth two tours in the bush. Her ambition has been chastened now and we may rely on Miss Bonehill to give us some charmingly artistic work.

It is only fair to her to say, however, that if there was one person on the variety stage who was fitted to star, Miss Bonehill was that person. When she has failed to make a complete success it is not to be wondered at that Ward and Vokes, Eugene Canfield and a host of aspiring lesser lights should have flashed in the pan.

Lola Yberri, the Spanish whirlwind dancer, has ended her engagement with "The Dragon's Daughter," which was produced at the Castle Square Theatre, Boston, and is now in New York where she will appear shortly at one of the vaudeville houses.

One of Yberri's chief charms, it is said, consists in the way she gives a right side horizontal kick in which there seems to be a kink at the knee, immediately after which she turns completely about, not to the right as plain ordinary dancers usually turn after the right side kick, but to the left. Then Lola stretches one leg straight out behind her, bows as if her waist were a hinge and revolves on one foot.

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A PRETTY ENGLISH DANCER.

\$1,000 a week, with a guarantee of four weeks, and E. E. Rice wanted her to appear in "Little Christopher."

And why did she refuse all this?

That is where the turning of the pretty blonde head comes in. Miss Fitzgerald has a soul above burlesque and vaudeville. She turns up her nose at any mention of that ineffable triviality, "A Gaiety Girl." She wants to play a part in a farce; she craves to "interpret a role," and she was delighted to accept the insinuating offer made her by Mr. Frohman, from whom she will get a salary that would turn the faces of her ex-associates green with envy.

It is said that there was a \$2,500 forfeit to be paid to George Edwardes before he gave his consent to Cissy's emancipation, but it is rumored that everything has now been satisfactorily arranged.

Cissy Loftus went to Abbey's Theatre recently to study Beerbohm Tree, whom she wishes to imitate, and she is to pay another visit to that house with the same object in view. She has sensibly accepted the advice given her by critics, and is making every effort to be up to date in a New York sense. She went to the Lyceum to investigate Herbert Kelcey's methods, but was quite disappointed. She found no inspiration in the in-offensive Herbert, and was quite surprised that he had even been mentioned to her.

"There's probably nothing to imitate," she said, and, as a matter of fact, the Lyceum's leading man is chiefly

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"But the maternal Lamb thought differently, and she purchased the sporting goods emporium. Six months later the firm went through bankruptcy. Bertie Lamb became Herbert Kelcey, and came to America to be the delight of the matinee girl and to grow stout."

The living pictures and the chorus girls in "Little Christopher" have just had another idol smashed. At the benefit for the Wayside Workers, Mrs. Kendal was announced to recite "Ostler Joe." When she arrived at the theatre she found the living pictures scurrying into their clothes in order that they might hear Mrs. Kendal's recitation from the front of the house.

As soon as Mrs. Kendal heard that they were to be in her audience she remarked to the stage manager:

"If you don't mind I think I will leave out the first and last verses. All those references to 'the soulless lily,' and Phryne and the 'blood red rose,' etc., would be out of place before so young an audience, I think."

But even in its Kendalized form "Ostler Joe" shocked several of the young women. In fact, one of the living pictures was heard to say:

"Oh, my! I'm awful glad I didn't bring sister."

The certificate of marriage between two now celebrated young people contains a formidable array of names.

The groom is put down as Henry Francis Hope Felham Clinton Hope, son of Henry Felham Alexander

PEEPS BEHIND THE SCENES.

Charming Girls Engage in a Ten-Round Boxing Contest.

FAIR QUEENS OF THE RING.

A Great Footlight Favorite Who is Likely to be Charged with Bigamy.

LED ASTRAY BY A PAINTED FACE.

"Ethel landed lightly with her left, but was floored by a quick swing of Maud's terrible right."

Dolly, who wrote the foregoing bloodthirsty paragraph in her capacity as special correspondent on the field, is twenty, trim and tempting, quite the quaintest little Queensberry queen that ever donned the mittens—or gave them, one at a time, to her admirers. She is the recording angel or secretary—both, in fact—of the Women's Boxing Club, a bright band of spirituelle sports that meet every week day afternoon in an aristocratic private gymnasium not many miles from the Bullion District of Fifth avenue, in New York city. Her delightful duty is to report the tantalizing 10-round "goes" and *fin de siècle* fights of her fair fistie friends for the *Twentieth Century Oracle*, the organ of the organization, that threatens to take the throne of the "Pink 'Un," and lead the sporting papers of the next decade.

So just before 5 o'clock tea one afternoon last week, Dolly dallied in her delicious little dreamland den and dotted down the details of the latest club event, the "mill" 'twixt those merry maidens, Ethel and Maud. Bloomer beauty bloomed brightly in the Fifth avenue "gym" when the up-to-date Actaeon who writes this confession, aided and abetted by Dolly's dearest friend, stowed himself away among the wreckage in an obscure corner and gazed upon the graceful gambols of the gentle gazelles in the ribbon-roped 24-foot ring.

'Twas a sight to convert the stuffiest old fogey to that doctrine of destiny, dress reform.

Petticoats? Pshaw!
Fuss and feathers? Fiddlesticks!
No feminine attire, from the peplum to the pulchre, the Teutonic tunic to the tournure, the stone age sheepskin to the sliden skirt, could have been borne more becomingly by the boxing belles than those neat little knee-breeches, Jersey waists and bewitching black stockings.

Frills and furbelows were fine enough for lovely Lydia Languish and her snuff-taking sisters of Sheridan's stage sketches; Dolly and Ethel and Maud and all other happy-hearted, large-lunged, lithe-limbed lassies of this common-sense century demand physical freedom, and they will have it.

Knickerbockers must knuckle down to Knickerbockers.

Ethel, despite her sweet Saxon name, is dark and tall, and stately as a Norway pine. Maud, too, has blue-black hair, but her skin is white and red, and there is a glint of Gaelicgray in her eyes that indicates her readiness to ride pell-mell cross-country with Charley O'Malley over a giant gridiron of six-foot stone walls. Tall as her opponent, broad-shouldered, supple and strong as the dear little shamrock of her Emerald Isle—her father is a gallant Galway gentleman—she is a splendid type of the new woman, the gentle, yet giant-sinewed Giltion girl.

Ethel is an American of many generations, a rare and splendid grafting of cavalier blue blood on sturdy Puritan stock—one of Mr. Gibson's typical new-world maidens.

Four hands, covered with gloves that were by no means feather pillows, clasped for a moment. Then four fair arms flashed like leaping lightning between the green and magenta jerseys. Leads, parries, counters and cross-counters followed each other with wondrous rapidity. Love taps? Not much! Both beautiful boxers had fought their rival ways up the long line of pretty pugilists on the rolls of the club, and each was the other's only obstacle to the championship of the W. B. C. Short-arm blows and intensely interesting infighting occupied the first three rounds. The girls were somewhat winded when they went back to their corners after the third, but mild-eyed Maud, president of the club, and stern Miss Sargent, the inflexible instructress, would not extend the minute's rest by a single second.

Time!
Blood in Ethel's eye as she steps quickly to the middle; Irish fire in Maud's. A raging fever of excitement pervaded the assemblage of pugnacious nymphs. Only Dolly was thoroughly cool, watching the ring steadily and jotting down every point with the quickness and coolness of a veteran sporting writer.

One! Two! Three!
The first and last from Ethel, the second from Maud—all hard hits from the shoulder, threatening to pulverize one or both of the knickerbockered knockers—out-body blows that told terribly on the endurance of the seraphic sluggers.

Fifth round: Ethel sent to earth, as told at the beginning. Concealed consternation of onlookers. 'Twould be bad form, according to W. B. C. canons, to betray o'ermuch concern in the hurts of contestants not seriously injured. But all are sadly flustered by Ethel's mishap; even Dolly is grave as she scribbles the skeleton of her graphic report.

Sixty seconds of rest for Ethel and Maud, sixty suppressed sighs from each of the other girls, and then—they are at it again!

Will those girls never tire? Look to your laurels,

Pompador Jim! The W. B. C. has its eye upon you. Punch the bag, Pete, every morning of your life, lest your *corru* epidermis be decorated in rainbow pattern by the dainty digits of some W. B. C. aspirant for professional honors.

The sixth, seventh and eighth rounds were uneventful, sharp rallies and any number of walk-arounds passing the time pleasantly.

Ethel, in the ninth, feinted cleverly and landed smartly on Maud's alabaster brow, but a half duck sent her bunch of fives glancing upward, and Maud countered heavily just above the belt, staggering her opponent and making the contest even more doubtful than it had been.

Tenth and last round—Both beauties were breathing heavily, and a new member of tender years fainted at sight of a marvellous straight arm punch delivered by Maud. Plucky Ethel recovered herself in the twinkling of a safety wheel, and stepping suddenly to the right, planted both mittens in swift succession on Maud's seashell ear. Dazed by the telling flank movement, and having been somewhat groggy during the two preceding rounds, Maud tottered aimlessly about, groping painfully. Ethel saw her chance at once and took full advantage of it. Rushing the exhausted exotic to the farthest corner of the ring, she lifted her head with a cruel left-hand upper-cut, and then, just as the green-waisted beauty was about to throw up both hands and drop to the boards, she struck straight out from the shoulder with her right such a mighty blow that her mitten, catching the point of the chin, not only knocked Maud clean over the ropes, but split like tissue paper from finger-tips to wrist. Maud's fall was a bad one, but she was not dangerously hurt. Miss Sargent, Maud and Dolly carried her to her dressing-room, where they soon revived her with a vigorous alcohol rub down.

Ethel, America's fair pugilistic star, is the champion of the W. B. C. She has issued a general challenge to all the other members of the club, but it is likely that her gauntlet will not be taken up for a long time to come.

Attempts have been made to persuade her to hurl her "dell" at the feet of all the amateur women boxers of

thought it a trick and went to work at once to find out whether the man she believed her husband could have been such a dastardly scoundrel. In the meantime he continued to disport himself until the fair one with the Victoria suddenly grew tired of him and, as these things usually go, threw him over completely. This season he returned to the stage again and went on the road with a company.

In the meantime the wife's investigation as to her real status developed the fact that what the fellow had said was true. There was a wife living from whom he had never been divorced. Friends persuaded her to institute proceedings, but she hesitated, only too happy in the knowledge that she was free without further legal proceedings.

But within a few days this pseudo husband has turned up again. He has returned from the road and, with that cussedness which is characteristic of natures like his, instead of feeling glad that nothing had been done to injure him by this long-suffering woman, he seems to have made up his mind to give her what annoyance he can.

He began by sending her a bouquet, but receiving no response to this he has been a constant visitor at the Garden Theatre, watching her movements, dogging her footsteps and evidently determined in some way to gain her back, but she is determined, and intends no compromise.

She is content that he go his way and she hers, but now that he appears intent on threatening and annoying her, she is listening with a more than willing ear to those friends who are persuading her to cause his arrest for bigamy. She is fully aware of her legal rights, and it will take but the slightest provocation to cause her to go to a police court and get out a warrant for his arrest. She is now acting under her maiden name and is one of three sisters who a few years ago were very well known on the stage. They are all exceedingly pretty and the whole three were supposed to have made very good marriages. The other two are in New York and happily married. The only one to suffer has been Lucy—let us say Smith for the time being until the facts come out in the police court.

screams secured the aid of Messrs. Litsinger and Browman. After Edrington had left, a stormy scene took place between husband and wife, which resulted in Gill determining to report Edrington's conduct to the Police Board. Later accompanied by Messrs. Litsinger and Browman, he went to the City Hall and preferred the charges. He also delivered up to the Board, a portion of Edrington's equipments which he had left behind him. The Board, after hearing the evidence of Mr. Gill, which was very positive, promptly dismissed Edrington from the force. Gill, himself, who is about 30 years old, was a policeman up to last April, and worked a beat on North Gay street. As they both lived in Hampden, they were great cronies and Edrington frequently visited at his house to have a friendly chat with him. It seems that Edrington took a violent fancy to Mrs. Gill, and paid her visits during her husband's absence.

Gill's suspicions were aroused, and some time ago, on one occasion he found Edrington at his house under suspicious circumstances and he reported the matter to the police board, with the result that Edrington was hauled up at the time. He promised to refrain from any further attentions to Mrs. Gill, and the latter's husband not wishing to be hard on him, did not press the charge, as he might have done and Edrington was let off with a fine of \$10.

For his leniency toward Edrington on this occasion, Gill was severely censured by his brother officers, who were indignant at Edrington's easy punishment. Shortly after this Gill was found in a saloon, when he should have been on duty and he was dismissed from the force. Since that time, he has been employed on the cars and is a first class railroad man. After returning to Hampden after the dismissal of Edrington, Gill told his wife to pack up her things and leave his house, as he would not have the disgrace attaching to her presence any longer. He then went to the car barn to get excused from duty on Saturday. Upon returning to his house he found that his wife had gone leaving her children behind her. The neighbors told him that during his absence Edrington had been at his house again, and that he and Mrs. Gill had been seen to board a car together and go toward the city. Gill moved his furniture to his mother's, corner of First and Chestnut avenues where he and his four children, two boys and two girls, will reside for the present. Mrs. Gill is described as being rather a good-looking woman of medium figure and pretty features. Her maiden name was Disney and they have been married upwards of ten years. Edrington is a married man and has a family living in Hampden, only a short distance from the recent home of the Gills. He has the reputation of being quite a masher, and a lady killer, and used to talk freely and boast of his conquests.

Much sympathy is expressed in Hampden for Gill, who is a hard-working and much-liked man.

HER BRAIDS STOLEN.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

After years of patient waiting, Echo, L. I., has at last a genuine "Jack the hair-cutter." The indignation over the bold work of the unknown slasher is mingled with a sense of satisfaction that the village is at last up to date. The offense, which has aroused everybody in the village, especially the girls with long hair and men with nice bunches of whiskers on their chins, was committed in broad daylight on a highway that was much traveled, the road leading to Mount Sinai. Miss Eva Gildersleeve, about eighteen years of age, was walking along the road which chanced at the time to be deserted, and was suddenly confronted by an Italian, who emerged from a clump of woods. He stepped behind her, drew a long knife, seized hold of her braid with one

hand, and with the other drew the sharp knife across the glossy hair. The cutting was done quickly and not nicely. The knife did not sever the braid cleanly, but left a long lock on one side.

Miss Gildersleeve was so frightened and hurt by the pulling of her hair that she could do nothing but give a faint outcry. In a moment the man had gone.

AS A MIMIC HIGHWAYWOMAN.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Miss Sue Auxer shot and seriously injured Miss Mary P. Taylor at Lancaster, Pa. Both are girls of sixteen and had been friends. They were getting ready to go to church in the home of Miss Auxer. The latter found an old revolver in a bureau drawer. In a playful manner she pointed the weapon at her friend's head, not knowing it was loaded, and exclaimed: "Your money or your life!"

Miss Taylor replied: "I will give you neither," and Miss Auxer pulled the trigger.

The bullet struck Miss Taylor in the left temple, only an inch from the eye, and passed down through the muscles of the neck, where it is still lodged. The ball has not been located, but the girl may live.

Boxing is the most popular sport of the day, and the spectators always number among them men equal in standing to those who patronize any other class of amusement. It would be foolish to suppose that a club such as the Athletic Club of the Schuylkill Navy, of Philadelphia, whose reception committee, at a recent athletic entertainment, included the names of such men as General Daniel H. Hastings, Hon. Abraham M. Bellier, Hon. Wm. B. Mann, Hon. Theodore F. Jenkins and Lewis E. Bellier, would be guilty of conducting any illegal entertainments, and yet glove fights have been held there for years.

Bicycle racers, after reviewing the records created during last season, are specializing as to where the one-mile figures will be placed this year. Racing authorities in this country predict that, with such men as Johnson, Bald, Tyler, Sanger, Titus, and L. Callahan in harness, the one-mile track record will be lowered to 1 minute 25 seconds. When Willie Winkle reduced the mile record to 2:25 in 1890, and in the following year lowered it to 2:21, the performances were regarded as marvellous.

In England early in 1892, when F. J. Osmond, the English champion, rode a mile in 2:16, it was not deemed possible to put the record under two minutes. Now the system of record breaking has been improved, and while some remarkable one-mile records may be made upon special straightaway courses this year, it is the track record that is interesting the majority of riders.

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FAIR FOLLOWERS OF THE MANLY ART.

the world. She declines emphatically to meet any belle-cose belle who is not a member of her own club and set. Some of the sweet girl graduates of the Adelphi Academy, in Brooklyn, have formed the Adelphi Amateur Women's Boxing Club and are preparing to challenge the original W. B. C. of this city. It is not unlikely that the "dell" will be taken up.

Great are the women boxing clubs!

Husbands of the twentieth century, if their tastes still run to clubs, cards and cocktails, little luncheons, late lingering and lost latchkeys, will secretly pad their wives' boxing-gloves with elder-down and wear quilted football jackets under their chest protectors.

The new woman is in the ring!

It is not unlikely that within a few days a well-known actor may be arrested on a serious charge. The facts of the case are interesting. The lady interested in the case is employed playing a small part in "Little Christopher" at the Garden Theatre, in New York city. She is related by marriage to one of the best known managers in New York and she herself had a husband or thought she had one up to within a few months. He is the well-known actor in question.

About a year ago he strayed from her and was prominently seen in public places with a rather pretty but painted up, bedizened creature who, among other worldly possessions, rejoiced in the ownership of a handsome victoria and pair in which the couple—the actor and the woman—were frequently seen driving in the Park. For the time being he appeared to give up acting and to devote himself entirely to this painted one. Naturally enough this came to the ears of his wife, after a while, and she naturally very strenuously objected to this procedure on her husband's part.

Then there came about the usual matrimonial squabble. To the wife's intense surprise she was then informed by the husband that she was no wife at all; that their marriage was a nullity for the reason that he had already a wife in England.

The grief and consternation of the beautiful girl whom this man had deceived can easily be imagined. She had lived with him for several years and had never had an inkling that such a thing could be true. At first she

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ALMA EGGERT.

A PRETTY AND JUNOESQUE BURLESQUER, WHO APPEARS TO MUCH ADVANTAGE IN "LITTLE CHRISTOPHER."



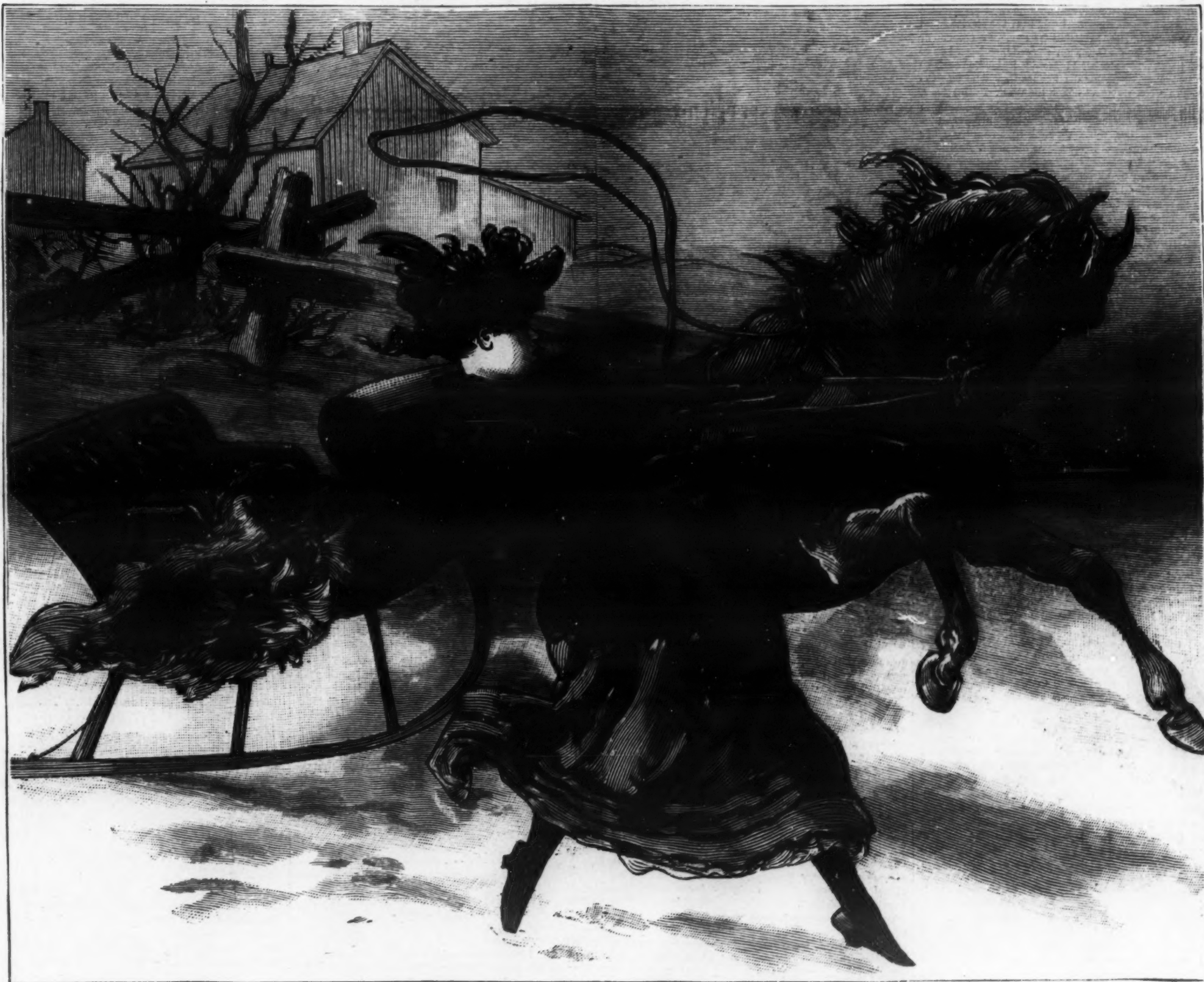
NABBED AS HE HUGGED HER.

THE LITTLE ROMANCE OF A YALE STUDENT WITH A HANDSOME YOUNG GIRL COMES TO AN UNTIMELY END, AT PHILADELPHIA, PA.



HER BRAIDS STOLEN.

EVA GILDERSLEEVE, A PRETTY GIRL OF ECHO, L. I., HAS HER TRESSES CUT OFF IN BROAD DAYLIGHT BY AN UNKNOWN THIEF.



A WOMAN STOPS A RUNAWAY.

SHE CAME NEAR BEING RUN OVER, BUT SHE BRAVELY CAUGHT THE HORSE, AT BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

AN UNFAITHFUL WIFE.

Her Husband Says She Misbehaved With a Dentist.

HER STRANGE ADMISSIONS.

She Confesses All Her Misdeeds, But Claims to Love Him Still.

PARTICULARS OF A SPICY CASE.

The town of Harrisburg, Pa., will soon be shaken to its very foundation when a well-known resident brings a suit for absolute divorce against his wife, charging her with adultery with a Philadelphia dentist. The strangest thing in the case is the fact that the wife does not deny that things went on between her and the dentist that should never have happened, but claims that she is not the really guilty one in the case. The husband has this statement to make:

"I have the best sort of proof that my wife has gone wrong, and she herself does not deny it. Until the last couple of years, I lived in Philadelphia, and only came to Harrisburg when I heard that there would be plenty of work. There was none, and I have been out of a job almost ever since I came to the town. But I am glad I came, for it made it harder for my wife to have meetings with this man. A long time before I left Philadelphia, my wife had some trouble with her teeth, and went to a dentist to have them attended to. She had to go to his office every day for over a week. And in that time they grew so intimate, that a friend of mine, who heard of their actions, told me about it. I told my wife what had been said, and she denied it so strongly that I believed her. She also promised not to see the doctor any more. But I had reason to think that she was not living up to her promise. I could prove nothing, however, and let matters drop, and when I left Philadelphia, I thought that everything was at an end anyway. About a month ago I was walking through the streets, and who should I meet but the dentist. He pretended that he did not see me, but I called to him and asked him what he was doing in Harrisburg. He told me that it was none of my business, and that he was answerable to no man for his actions. I told him the stories I had heard about him, and said that he must not come near my house. I kept a watch on my wife, and saw her go into a hotel. The clerk told me she had asked permission to wait in the parlor for her brother who was expected to arrive by a train from the West. I went there, but could not find her. When she came home, she said that she had gone there for some other purpose, and I did not press her, for I thought that if I gave her time enough she would give me better proof.

"Not long after she said that she was going to visit an aunt who lives in Camden, N. J. I knew very well what she wanted to go to Philadelphia for, and said that she might go. But I took the same train and sat in the smoking car all the way there. When we got to the city she made straight for the dentist's place, and I met her on the steps. I told her that I had caught her, and she began to cry and said I did not understand, and that she would show me that I was wrong. I left her there and told her to go with the man, and that I would get a divorce. She cried and carried on so that I had to take her to her aunt's in Camden, and left her there. But she followed me back to Harrisburg, and the only way I could make her sure that I meant what I said, was by driving her from the house. Since then, she has been telling all sorts of stories about me, and trying to injure my character in every way. I hear that the dentist has been in Harrisburg several times, and I will prove by witnesses that he was here once and visited her at her boarding house. I am going to get a divorce from her, and let her go and live the life she has chosen. And she has got to give up our child. She is not, to my mind, a fit person to have the training of a girl 8 years old on her hands. She got the child away from me by trickery. After I had driven her away from the house, she returned one day when I was out, and told the little girl that I wanted to see her down town. I had told the child not to go out with her mother, but, thinking that I wanted her, she went, and I have not seen her from that day to this. But the law will take care of my interests, and I can prove everything that I say by witnesses, and I am going to do it at the trial. I expect to have a hearing about the first of next month."

The wife is living in a boarding house on Market street, near the railroad. She is a pretty woman of about thirty, and the child, Mabel, is a little black-haired mite of about seven. She considers herself deeply wronged by her husband, and makes a remarkable statement about the manner in which she was led through the paths in which, she owns, she should never have trod. She says:

"I cannot deny that my husband has some grounds for his actions toward me, but if he would only listen to me, he would find that I am not to blame. As he says, I went to see the dentist about my teeth. He said that I would have to have two front teeth filled, and to do that he would have to separate them. He put in a wooden wedge, and afterward inserted a small piece of rubber to press them apart. The pain was so great that I went back and asked him to do something for it. He gave me some drug that tasted bitter, and applied it with a bit of cotton. It gave me almost instant relief. When I went to him again to have work completed, he again used some drugs upon me, and made me insensible. When I came to myself, I found that he had taken advantage of my condition, and had assaulted me. At first he denied that he had done so, but finally confessed that he had, saying that I importuned him to do it, but as I was insensible at the time, I could not have done so. I ought to have told my husband the truth at once, but, foolishly, I was afraid to do so, and as I saw the doctor several times after that, of course people that are always sticking their noses into other people's business started stories about me.

"When the dentist came to Harrisburg, it was only natural that he should want to see me. I knew that my husband would not let him see me at the house, so I met him at the hotel. There was nothing wrong about that. My husband had been calling me all sorts of names, saying that I was the man's mistress, and I was afraid that he would try to get rid of me. I wanted to tell the doctor about it for he was the one who had gotten me into my trouble, and I thought he ought to help me out of it. It was for the same reason that I went to see him in Philadelphia. One night my husband got mad, and said that he was going to get a divorce, and I knew that he was likely to do anything. So I went to Philadelphia to see the doctor to ask him what I was to do about it. But my husband spied upon me, and got to the doctor's first, and right there in the open street called me all the vile names he could think of. His talk gathered a crowd, and he had to take me away in a cab.

"If he wants to be free, I will not prevent him. It is better that he should drive me out on the streets, than I should live such a life as I have been going through since that fatal visit. I will not fight his case. But, I am not going to let him have Mabel. I am her mother, and no man can love a child as its mother can. When he says that I am not a fit

sons and others related by the ties of blood or friendship to the women. As a coachman was drinking a glass of beer he was so startled at seeing his employer's wife enter that he dropped the glass as if shot and fled.

ELOPED WITH ANOTHER.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Miss Mary Arnold, one of the best known belles in the Blue Grass region, who was on the point of eloping with Wood Graham, who had been her sweetheart since childhood, jilted the young man at the last moment and eloped with Thomas McKee, a rival, at Flemingsburg, Ky. A telegram announced that they had been married in Cincinnati. Graham had been devoted in his attention to Miss Arnold, and they became engaged and decided to elope. The date for the prospective marriage was hastened by the elopement of a brother of Graham and a young belle several days ago.



SHE LOVED A DENTIST.

person to take care of her, he says what is not true. And if he pushes me to the wall I can show him that he is not such a saint as he would have people believe. If he tries to prove that I am unfit to guard her, I will prove that he is ten times as unfit, and I can get a dozen witnesses who will say so, too, and show up some pretty bad things about him. But if he lets her alone, he can have his divorce." A prominent Harrisburg dentist stated that the drug administered, according to the woman's statement, was in all probability cocaine. This drug deadens pain, and is frequently used by dentists for this purpose, but in most cases a physician is asked to be present, as much to prevent trouble similar to that related above, as for any other reason. It is said that singular hallucinations are produced by heavy doses of the drug.

WOMEN VISITED THE SALOONS.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A series of religious revival meetings is progressing at Troy, N. Y. The women of nearly all the Evangelical churches are interested. On a recent afternoon, in compliance with their requests, many business houses closed, that their employees might visit one of the meetings in Bicycle Hall.

Committees of well-known women hurriedly visited various saloons to induce the proprietors to close for the occasion. There were several ludicrous and startling encounters between husbands and wives, mothers and

LIVELY BUT TRUTHFUL! "Ruined by a Faithless Woman." FOX'S SENSATIONAL SERIES No. 11. One of the best of the Series; 65 illustrations by French artists. Sent by mail to any address, very securely wrapped, on receipt of price, 50 cents. Address all orders to RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, New York.

Flemingsburg depot at breakneck speed. He arrived at the depot just as the train was pulling out, and a most provoking sight met his eyes. He saw Miss Arnold reclining in the arms of his bitter rival, who was assisting her from the platform into a coach. Graham made a dart for the train, but all he succeeded in gaining was a sardonic smile from the successful rival. Miss Arnold is but 18 years of age. She will be quite wealthy at the death of her parents.

FRANK WHITE.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Many expressions of surprise and regret were heard in sporting circles when it became known that Frank White, the well-known and popular lightweight pugilist, was dead. Few followers of the manly art had more or truer friends than White, and he fully answered the requirements of a "square sport." Very few knew of his illness. Only a little over a week ago he was in Philadelphia to second Horace Leeds in his fight with Charley McKeever, at the Winter Circus.

White was in fairly good health when he returned to New York, although he was suffering from an attack of Bright's disease of the kidneys. He was not thought to be in any danger until the middle of last week, when he was forced to remain in his room until Saturday, when he breathed his last.

The dead man was born at the corner of 7th avenue and 22d street, New York, about 36 years ago. He was a boxing enthusiast when but a lad, and as he approached manhood his ability as a boxer increased with his love for the sport. He was regarded as an extremely good lightweight, and at one time held the amateur lightweight championship. He was also successful after he entered the professional ranks. During his career he met among others, Jimmy Kelly, Jerry Murphy, Jack Keenan and George Fullames. The police stopped the fight between White and Keenan, and they also interfered after seven rounds of the battle with Fullames. Later the two men met again, White coming off the victor. His last appearance in the ring was in 1889, when he met and whipped Peter Daley, who was looked upon as a "coming man."

Since his retirement from the ring, White has been prominent in several capacities. He conducted the "Champion's Rest," on the Bowery, near Houston street, was associated with Horace Leeds, and recently had a boxing academy in New York. His face was familiar at all sporting events in this vicinity. He numbered among his friends men, prominent in every walk of life, and was highly esteemed by his associates.

A WOMAN STOPS A RUNAWAY.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Thomas Gutrie's horse, attached to a sleigh, took fright and ran away, at Bloomfield, N. J., and turning into Glenwood avenue, sped along toward the D. L. & W. Railroad tracks. There was no one in the sleigh, and it swung from side to side in the car tracks.

Just as the horse was running at its fastest, Mrs. Charles Bachler started to cross the avenue ahead of the runaway. A number of men on the sidewalk cried out to warn her. She saw the runaway bearing down upon her and seemed bewildered for an instant, but then, stepping from in front of the horse as he was almost upon her, she seized a rein as the sleigh passed, and, twisting it about her hand, threw her weight upon it. She was dragged about fifty feet before the horse was brought to a stop. Mrs. Bachler then handed the rein to Bernard Higgins and disappeared down Glenwood avenue.

WILLIAM CARROLL.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

William Carroll is a clever young boxer of Dents Run, Pa., who claims the 100-pound championship of America, and he is more than anxious to get on a finish fight with any one of that weight, especially Dan Appleton, champion of the Northwest; or Jack Plimmer, 95-pound champion of England. He stands five feet three inches, has a remarkably long reach and is accounted a hard hitter.

DENNIS MCGLENCHY.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

When Young Griffo fought George Dixon at Coney Island recently, just before the battle was begun, a huge floral horseshoe was handed to the Australian. It bore a card containing this inscription: "From the Lafayette Social Club of Philadelphia." Dennis McGlenchy is the president of the club, and it is due to his energy and devotion to its interests, that the organization enjoys its great reputation for hospitality. The latch string always hangs on the outside for "good people."

BILL COOK.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

We publish this week the first authentic picture of Bill Cook, the celebrated Western outlaw. It was taken especially for the POLICE GAZETTE at Fort Smith, Ark., where he is now incarcerated, and furnished to us through the kindness of George J. Crump, the efficient U. S. Marshal at that place. Many alleged likenesses of Cook have been published in the daily press, but it is reserved for our readers to gaze on the hardened features of one of the greatest criminals in this country.

BOBBY DOBBS.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

The lightweight division has a colored aspirant to the championship in the person of Bobby Dobbs. He has backing to the extent of \$2,500 to fight McAuliffe, Ziegler, Leeds, McKeever or Everhardt, but none of the latter seem anxious to take up his defl. He has boxed many of the best men of his weight in the country and has shown himself to be in every qualification a capable aspirant to the title.

CLARENCE MCLEAN.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Clarence McLean, of Covington, Ky., is the champion trick rider of Kentucky. He is a member of the Kenton Wheel Club, is twenty-one years of age and has been doing trick riding for only about one year. He is said to be, by those competent to judge, one of the best riders of his kind of the age. He has given a large number of public exhibitions and in every case his riding has been received with much applause and enthusiasm.

AMOS W. RUSIE.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Hoosierland can boast of producing, in Amos Rusie, one of the greatest baseball pitchers that ever stood within the points of the green diamond. He is best known to fame for the good work he has done as a member of the New York team. He has not accepted terms for next season; but there is little doubt that by the time the grass chowers get in their deadly work, he will be at his post again, encased in a Giant's uniform.

ARTHUR HAMMERSTEIN.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Arthur Hammerstein is the son of Oscar Hammerstein, the well-known manager of the Harlem Opera House and Columbus Theatre, New York city. He is treasurer of the latter house and is accounted one of the fastest ticket sellers in the theatrical profession. A good likeness of Mr. Hammerstein appears in this issue.

\$1,000 REWARD! \$500 will be paid for the return of the "Police Gazette" Heavyweight Championship Belt, stolen at Davenport, Ia., November 11. An additional \$500 will be paid for the arrest and conviction of the thief or thieves. RICHARD K. FOX, New York.

THE DAINTY MANICURE.

The Humors of a Very Interesting Calling.

AN ARTISTIC PROFESSION.

She Polishes and Trims the Nails of Both Men and Women.

THE DIFFERENT TYPES SHE MEETS.

It is curious, but true, that of the customers of the manicuring establishments uptown in New York city, one-half are men. Nor are they all dandies and actors, as might be supposed, but many of them are business and professional men. They frequent the parlors, as a rule, late in the afternoon.

As the manicure artist is usually an attractive young woman, with a dainty hand and an easy, confidential way of going about her work, it is not strange that so many men find the manicure parlor an alluring spot. The environment of the manicure, too, is particularly agreeable. The chairs are deep and soft-cushioned, while the colors are harmonious. There is usually a seductive odor, which arises from the perfumed suds in which the customer paddles with his fingers before the operation begins. The little table behind which the manicure sits is daintily covered with a spread of immaculate linen, in the centre of which is placed a cushion covered with a dainty dolly.

On all sides dishes of *repousse* silver, containing mysterious things, surround the cushion. In one is pink powder, in another fragrant paste. A bottle of liquid soap has an odor of roses. A smooth, round stick, wedge shaped at the end and cut from the root of an orange tree, takes an important part in the operation. On a dainty white serviette lie the ivory-handled instruments which the manicure manipulates so deftly. The first thing you do is to put your hand into the big silver dish filled with perfumed suds. After a few minutes the manicure bids you take it out, and then she tenderly dries it on a soft linen napkin. Then, if you are not a regular customer and she has never "done" your nails before, she will study your fingers carefully before deciding which style of cutting the nails is most becoming to hand and occupation.

Women visit the manicure usually between 11 and 2. Many women, however, have the manicure come to their houses. From 2 until 5 the class of women patrons is more mixed. An actress will be sitting in one chair, with a clergyman's wife directly behind her. It is surprising how particularly unbended and confidential women are with the manicure. They enter into the most elaborate details of their dresses, their entertainments, their troubles with their servants, and often matters of far more serious import.

"We have lots of opportunities to study human nature," said one bright girl, "and there is a lot of difference between men and women. Women will tell us all their troubles, even about their husbands. A man never speaks of his family any more than if he never had one."

A manicure makes a very correct test of her women patrons' character in shaping their nails. When a lady comes in with cheeks suspiciously pink and dizzily blond hair the astute little manicure knows that she wants varnish on her nails and that they must be cut to a sharp point at the tip. Men customers are more popular in manicuring establishments than women, because, as one girl tritely expressed it, "women are always afraid they won't get the worth of their money and insist on more polishing than any man would ever think of unless he is an actor."

Men have their nails manicured according to their occupations. Surgeons prefer their nails short in length and round and smooth, with the edges bevelled bluntly with sand paper, and the cuticle carefully trimmed to smoothness. Musicians also wear their nails short, but with an extremely high polish. Lawyers and clergymen, as well as all public speakers who use their hands in gesticulation, keep their nails longer, but only in rare cases beyond the tip of the finger. Business men as a class like the nail a trifle shorter, shaped round and reaching just to the tip of the finger. They have very little polishing and no tinting. Actors wear their nails very long, and as a rule are the most particular clients of a professional manicure. They wear their nails tinted and highly polished. Usually they have one pet nail—the one on the little finger—which is cultivated to an extreme length. The swell *far*o player is another regular habitue of the manicure. His nails are filed to a thin, sharp point. Many of them have peculiar shapes, which they desire to have made with the scissors, because it assists them in picking up money.

Taking the manicure girl collectively, she is a very pretty, deft-handed, wholesome creature, quick and bright in conversation, and always young. She is neatness personified, and there is usually a touch of feminine coquetry in her toilet, such as a bright-colored bow in her hair. But her dress is rarely more elegant than her salary will warrant. If she is sometimes a little frivolous, her opportunities and temptations are certainly many. And even then that is an exceptional case. As a rule, her manner is deferential and respectful. But if her patron is a stout, bald-headed old fellow, and inclined to chaff, she can hardly be blamed for chaffing back and making as much of a fool of him as she dare. And it is hardly her fault if he, dear, blind old man, takes it all *au sérieux*, and believes he is making an impression on this unsophisticated maiden of the file and polisher. He usually begins by asking her if she is fond of the theatre. This is followed by an inquiry if she has much exercise, does she walk to and from her home, does she board or live with her parents. And in this wise he will dodge around, as he imagines, very artfully.

A good story is told about one of these girls who made an impression on just such an old man. She was inclined to chaff him back until finally he wanted her to dine with him. She consented if she could take another

girl with her. The old gentleman considered this an excellent plan, thinking doubtless the more the merrier. The girls had promised to meet him at the door of the manicuring establishment and go with him to a near-by restaurant. Now it happened that this old gentleman, without his glasses, was as blind as a bat, and when two other girls to whom the invited girls had confided their invitation for dinner came downstairs the old gentleman mistook them for his invited guests. They, full of mischief, did not, undecieve him and accepted two bunches of roses which he insisted they should have and accompanied him to the cafe. There he told them to go in while he sent a telephone message (probably to his wife). He ordered a splendid big dinner before he came back. Just as he was about to sit down and help to eat it, he put on his glasses. Then the truth dawned upon him. The girls laughed with embarrassment, but the old man was mortally offended. Calling for the check, he paid it and left, after remarking to the girls, very mournfully: "I sometimes wear these" (referring to his glasses). The girls speak of that dinner to-day as one of the best they ever had.

The manicure girl's hands must be cool and well-shaped, with nails capable of cultivation. Indeed, the handsomest hands and nails in New York are said to belong to a little manicure girl named Miss Atkinson. It is said that a well-known society woman of this city offered Miss Atkinson a hundred dollars to make hers like them. It took two years to do it, and the money was paid willingly, with \$25 extra. It has been said that the manicure girl is not above taking tips. This statement is emphatically denied by a number of the popular manicures. One of the girls said:

"Of course at Christmas our regular customers remember us. A gentleman might put a bill in an envelope and say, 'Here is something to buy a box of candy

enough to command plenty of engagements as a premiere. The ballet beauty said she had appeared in "Humpty Dumpty Up to Date" in the Fifth Avenue Theatre last fall, and had fallen through a trap. Her tender tibia was severely injured. The soft, white flesh was lamentably lacerated, and the poor little bone was bruised. Miss Dignam is convinced that her mishap was due to the carelessness or negligence—she isn't sure which—of the Messrs. Rosenfeld or their employees. So she sues the firm for \$250.

You ought to have heard that girl tell the story. She invested the meagre details with an interest all her own

—to say nothing of the principle involved.

"My ankle was terribly hurt!" she exclaimed, drawing her dear little eyebrows sharply together and looking to Justice Goldfogle for sympathy. "Why, just look here!" and she stooped down and raised her skirts.

Pouf! A flash of white, a furious frou-frou of dainty laces, a gleam of blue silk and then—and then—Justice Goldfogle blushed.

"Never mind, Miss Dignam!" cried her lawyer, noting the consternation of the Court and the consuming curiosity of the courtroom. The pretty girl dropped her skirts. An extension was granted to Lawyer Hoffman till Monday for the removal of the case to the Court of Common Pleas—the defendants having obtained a dismissal on a technicality. Miss Dignam, still smiling and blooming, skipped down from the stand and tripped gayly out of court.

Now, then, for the points. Why did Justice Goldfogle blush? That's the first. Miss Dignam showed her ankle. That's the second. The logical mind will surely agree that there is only one solution to the problem. It must be that Justice Goldfogle blushed because Miss Dignam showed her ankle!

Beauty in distress was the role in which she assailed the hearts of those dignified gentlemen of the law. She has a grievance, according to her story, against Messrs. Carl and Theodore Rosenfeld, who, whether they be right or wrong, must be very hardhearted indeed to refuse anything to such a sweet sulter. Theatrical managers are so coldly practical!

Miss Dignam showed her ankle. That is one of the two important



ONE OF THE ARTISTS.



HAVING HIS NAILS TRIMMED

with, or something like that. Our women customers make us very pretty gifts sometimes, such as pieces of jewelry, gloves and handkerchiefs. But as for regular tips, they are as rare as angel's visits, and I would feel just like a waiter if any one offered me one."

The work of a manicure is always light and pleasant, and there are always more applicants than there are places to be filled. An expert manicure earns \$15 a week, and very few receive less than \$8, which is more than they could make as salesgirls. Until recently the practice of chiropody was considered man's prerogative. Men monopolized that business exclusively for many years. Now, however, there are a large number of women chiropodists in New York, and generally they are liked better than men. As many of the expert manicures are equally good chiropodists, the two are frequently carried on in combination.

HER ANKLE IN EVIDENCE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Justice Goldfogle blushed. But the pretty ballet girl didn't. She held up that tempting little ankle of hers, silk-clad and supple, in plain view of the embarrassed magistrate, the clerks, lawyers and spectators, and laughed. Such a silvery laugh—the sweetest little melody in mirth ever heard in that dusty, musty old lumber room of legal lore, the Fifth Judicial District Court of New York city.

Why did Justice Goldfogle blush? Ah! Miss Jennie Dignam is not yet a dancer of Quality quality, but she can twirl like a trottum on those ten little toes of hers. Her charms would insure to her a place in the front rank, even if she were not clever

points in this story. If you forget it, you'll miss the point, which is the answer to the question, why did Justice Goldfogle blush?

Ankles are innocuous. Even the courtly Richard would not have thought it necessary to cover the countess's embarrassment if that celebrated silken circlet had fallen from her ladyship's ankle—but that's another story, as Mr. Rudyard said to Mr. Kipling.

Why, then, did Justice Goldfogle blush? But, of course, you don't know. If you did, you'd have answered long ago, and settled all this perplexity. Listen, and you shall learn why law's manly cheek was colored carmine.

Miss Dignam, smiling archly upon the magistrate and blooming in all her youth and beauty—do you know, there's nothing on earth to equal the smile of a pretty girl—took the stand and simultaneously undisputed possession of all the hearts then beating in the courtroom.

Her ebony tresses and eyes like black diamonds, her glorious color and broad, white brow and avelte figure made up a living picture of delight. Then she told her story. It is only fair to the reader to premise this repetition of her tale of woe by announcing that it isn't of the least importance. The points of this narrative are that Miss Dignam showed her ankle and Justice Goldfogle blushed.

THREW HER SLIPPER AT HIM.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The Erie's Mountain Express is a popular train with the New York business men who live up the line as far as Middletown and Newburg. A private willow chair car is attached to the train for the benefit of Newburg patrons. A party of three boarded the train at Jersey City one night recently—two very well-dressed women, accompanied by a colored valet. One of the women was a strikingly handsome brunette. Her features evidenced good breeding and a familiarity with good living, and she was very much intoxicated.

Before the train left Paterson, N. J., she became very much excited, and addressed herself to the occupants of the car, despite the efforts of her companion and the servant. A gray-bearded old gentleman on the other side of the car wheeled around in his chair and gazed for a moment at the loud-talking woman. The latter at once stepped into the middle of the car, raised her skirts above the tops of her shoes and deliberately kicked a dainty slipper directly at the old gentleman, accompanying it with a lurid display of profanity. At this all the ladies left the car, while the men turned in their seats and awaited further developments.

Unable to withstand the storm of abuse which belched forth, despite the efforts of the valet to stuff a muffer into the woman's mouth, the old gentleman gathered up his papers and hastily followed the other passengers. When the brakeman came through and requested her to be quiet, she threw her other slipper at him. Then she elevated one foot in the air and exclaimed: "What do you think of that stocking?"

By this time all the heads of families in the car had bundled out, a fact which the woman finally realized, and she listened to the appeals of her intensely mortified companion, and desisted from further display of her wearing apparel and of her acquaintance with Billingsgate. When the train reached Turners and was switched to the Newburg branch train, the three were about the only occupants of the car.

A BURGLAR UNDER THE BED.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A case where a thief who hid under a bed came to grief happened a few nights ago on Vine street, in Cincinnati, O. That city has been full of light-fingered gentry. One of them had been shadowing a wealthy down-town business man for more than a week. His plan was to slip into the house in the evening by following the owner home, hide, and later in the night rob the place. He followed his intended victim several times, as he confessed after his capture, but always encountered a policeman somewhere in the neighborhood, and was afraid to go any further. At last he succeeded in getting in when the front door was left unlocked by the carelessness of a servant, and making his way up the stairs, went into a room and hid under the bed. This happened to belong to the two daughters of the household. The bed was low and the intruder passed several uncomfortable hours until about 10 o'clock, when the young ladies came upstairs. They had devoted themselves assiduously to athletic exercises while at school, and usually had a romp before retiring. On this occasion they got into an unusually lively pillow fight. The burglar became so absorbed in the issue of the combat that he made an involuntary movement to obtain a better view, and in so doing betrayed himself.

"Maud, there's somebody under this bed!" cried one of the girls, but instead of running away as she would be disposed to do under such circumstances, she dropped on one knee, and finding her suspicions confirmed, seized him by one foot, while her sister, equally undaunted, took hold of the other and they dragged him out into the middle of the floor, at the same time shouting in high soprano voices:

"Papa!"
"Police!"
"Burglar!"
"Papa!"

Papa came, and after awhile the police, and among them the burglar was captured. He is now in jail.

NABBED AS HE HUGGED HER.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

In order to capture a Yale law student who "jumped his bail" at New Haven, Conn., Eugene Rosenthal, his bondsman, turned detective and captured the fugitive after the latter had embraced his sweetheart at Broad Street Station, in Philadelphia, Pa. The student is Nicholas Spielberger, whose home is in Brooklyn, N. Y. He resided while at Yale in the house of a Mr. Newman, and made love to his host's 16-year-old daughter, Sarah Newman. The father of the girl finally had Spielberger arrested on the charge of betraying the girl, and he is under indictment for the offense.

While out on bail Spielberger shook the dust of New Haven from his feet. Rosenthal, who was formerly an actor, thereupon provided himself with an extensive wardrobe, and, disguised alternately as a Chinaman, a beggar, a negro and a messenger boy—the latter disguise being made possible by Rosenthal's small stature—followed him.

By letters Spielberger had finally managed to get the Newman girl to meet him. They met in Philadelphia. Rosenthal being there at the time, dressed as a beggar. The latter pointed the fugitive out to Reserve Policeman McKean, who escorted Spielberger to the Central Police Station.

FELL ON HER TRAIN.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

While Lillian Russell was warbling sweetly in the first act of "The Grand Duchess" at the Chicago Opera House a few nights ago, she stepped backward on her train, lost her equilibrium and brought herself in violent contact with the stage.

There was a flash of fleecy underthings, an exposure of a pair of generous limbs, a rush of performers from the wings, and the prima donna was assisted to her feet. It was a dreadfully awkward fall, straight backward, and the concussion could be heard in the lobby.

The scene, the song and Miss Russell's temper were spoiled, but the audience applauded like persons daft. Then Miss Russell regained her amiability, bowed, kicked the horrid train almost into the flies, and the show went on.

ALMA EGGERT.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Of the many girls who display themselves before an admiring public in "Little Christopher," Alma Eggert is certainly one of the loveliest. E. E. Rice has not underestimated the value of her physical charms, and he frequently uses her as a model in his living pictures. Miss Eggert is generally popular with her associates, and she is destined to shine in burlesque. A handsome likeness of her appears on our theatrical page, photographs of which may be secured at this office at ten cents each.

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AS A MIMIC HIGHWAYWOMAN.

MISS SUE-AUXER SHOTS AND VERY SERIOUSLY WOUNDS MISS MARY P. TAYLOR, AT LANCASTER, PA.



A BURGLAR UNDER THE BED.

HE WAS CAUGHT WHILE WATCHING A PILLOW FIGHT BETWEEN TWO GIRLS, AT CINCINNATI, O.



FELL ON HER TRAIN.

LILLIAN RUSSELL TRIPS ON THE STAGE AND EXPOSES SOME FLEECY UNDERGARMENTS, THEREBY SPOILING HER TEMPER, BUT A CHICAGO, ILL., AUDIENCE ENJOYS IT HUGELY.

IT IS AN UNJUST LAW.

New York Legislators Pass the Anti-Pugilism Bill.

WHAT WILL THE SENATE DO?

Small Talk and Gossip of Interest to the Fistic Gentry.

MITCHELL'S PROMISED INVASION.

When a presumably intelligent body of men such as comprise the Legislature of the State of New York, can take favorable action upon such a drastic measure as the one affecting the future of fistic sport, there is little hope for racing or any other legitimate sport receiving much consideration. On Thursday last the Anti-Pugilism bill passed the Assembly, and the seal of disapproval was thereby put upon the noble pastime of boxing.

The bill as passed reads as follows:

An act to amend the Penal Code in relation to prize fighting and sparring exhibitions.

Section 1—Section 456 of the Penal Code is hereby amended so as to read as follows:

Sec. 456—Prize fighting and sparring exhibitions, aiding therein, &c.—A person who, within this State, engages in, instigates, aids, encourages or does any act to further a contention, or fight, without weapons, between two or more persons, or a fight commonly called a ring or prize fight, either within or without the State, or who engages in a public or private sparring exhibition with or without gloves, within the State, at which an admission fee is charged or received, either directly or indirectly, or who sends or publishes a challenge for such contention, exhibition or fight, or carries or delivers such a challenge or acceptance, or trains or assists any person in training or preparing for such contention, exhibition or fight, is guilty of a misdemeanor.

Sec. 2—This act shall take effect September 1, 1895.

There is the barest possible hope, that the bill will be amended or killed when it is brought up for senatorial consideration; and it may be within the bounds of reason to believe that even with the endorsement of the upper house, Gov. Morton will not give his approval to such an unjust measure, but these are vague hopes to indulge in, while the hand of the "merit" is at work.

What a pity it is that legislative action could not have been delayed until some earnest and capable opponent of the measure could have been heard in opposition to its passage. Such argument as Champion Jim Corbett advanced before the members of the Minnesota legislature might have had a beneficial influence as it did in the instance referred to. On that occasion Corbett said:

"Gentlemen, I hope you will believe me when I say that the brutality so freely alleged by people who have never seen a prize fight or a fair stand up fight of any kind is almost entirely lacking. A rough and tumble fight between schoolboys, even, will develop more of the gentlemanly behavior of civilized man than a well ordered boxing match possibly can. When the ordinary barroom fight or drunken street brawl is considered, where men throw each other down and kick, gouge, scratch and even bite, then such a meeting as I will engage in with Fitzsimmons becomes a mere feat of cleverness and quickness. The men thus engaged must read up, study, think out the various lines or branches of their subject; in short, prepare themselves to do justice to the occasion, their audience and themselves. It is for the same reason that a boxer must put himself under the often harsh and always laborious task imposed by a conscientious trainer. It is a matter of plain duty that I or any other boxer, should become as sound, alert, quick and strong, as perfect physically, as we can. And training of the head, restraint of the passions, tempering of the mind and those very important organs, the heart and lungs, are decidedly as important as the mere development of muscle and hitting force."

Such arguments as those quoted above might have served the purpose of we enlightening brethren in the East, had they been presented in the same forcible style; but alas, there was not a voice raised in behalf of this noble art, and the measure with its sweeping conditions went through the legislature like a kite. While we may anticipate the worst let us hope for the best.

Referring to the above matter the New York Sun, in an editorial, very ably sums up the situation as follows: "A very distorted and mischievous view of things has produced the Horton bill and passed it through the Assembly, forbidding 'all sparring exhibitions, with or without gloves, at which an admission fee is charged or received directly or indirectly'; which the same is nonsense. It is a freak combination of sickly morality and humbug, left over from the recent agitation for reform. We are glad to say that a prominent reformer like Mr. Conkling, a Republican, stood with an intelligent Democrat like Mr. Stanchfield in endeavoring to stop it."

"We hope that this bill won't pass the Senate; but if it does we may expect that our reform grandmothers will follow it up with a measure to prevent all athletic games generally. Men win boxing matches when the physical prostration of the other fellow represents a bull's vigor compared to the strength of a runner after a foot race."

"Despite the immense gush of horror expended on sparring matches, they remain, with all the undesirable features which can be added to them, among the solidest foundations of the sane mind, the sound body and good popular habits. Won't the rush of chuckle-headed misanthropy be over before this bill comes up for serious consideration in the other half of the Legislature?"

Billy Plimmer will probably take his departure for England sooner than he expected. A dispatch to the Police Gazette the other day brought the information that a match had been consummated between Plimmer and George Corfield. The National Sporting Club, of London, will handle the affair, which is booked for decision on May 27. A purse of £400 will be fought for, £100 of which will be divided between the lads to cover training and other expenses. The weight at which the battle will be fought is 110 pounds, weigh in at 2 o'clock on the afternoon of the contest. A £2000 wager has been made on the outside, and the mill looks like a certainty now, for £50 has been deposited by the twain, which is to go to either pugilist in the event of one or the other principal falling.

The encounter is a very significant one. Plimmer, whose record is known throughout the world, and who is conceded to be incomparably clever, will have to contend with a stubborn customer in Corfield. The latter has been before the English public a number of years, and his advancement in his class has been rapid and marked. Plimmer is the only factor between him and the goal of his ambition, the championship. His Sheffield friends have every confidence in his ability to land the little "Brunn," and will go up to "Lantern town" with plenty of the ready to back their little champion. Plimmer's British adherents are just as strong in their conviction that he is the greatest little man the world ever produced, and will back that opinion freely.

There has been a great deal of discussion of late about the bag-punching abilities of the many pugilists who make a specialty of that kind of work during their training for fistic encounters. During Ryan's visit to the Manhattan Athletic Club's gymnasium Tommy showed remarkable skill in pounding the ball, and many looked upon him as a wonder at the game. Corbett never fails to get a hand when he goes through the bag-punching scene in

the fourth act of "Gentleman Jack." Fitzsimmons makes the ball-punching a feature of his show, and how the people do yell when he gets in the fancy strokes. It has been suggested on several occasions that an open competition should be given, to see who is the champion at the game, and at the same time encourage others outside of pugilism to take up the exercise as a benefit to health. There is nothing in the gymnasium to-day that affords more real good results in the health line than punching the inflated ball. If people who take to athletic exercise every day would only stop to think it over, and go at the sport in the right way, I am sure dumbbells, Indian clubs, rowing machines and pulling weights would soon be a thing of the past.

Charley Mitchell has cabled his intention of coming to America in April, and therein lies the keynote of his recent challenge to Peter Jackson, involving as it did, a certain amount of notoriety; a useful commodity to a man like Mitchell. Events that have taken place since Jackson took up that deft, are convincing factors that Mitchell never intended to fight, when he made his bombastic offer to meet the black Australian. His conditions were accepted; he quibbled about the size of the purse, and an offer of one of the dimensions he desired was forthcoming. Then he refused to fight under the auspices of the National Sporting Club, giving as his reason, that one of Jackson's supporters was a member of the club, intimating that he (Mitchell) would not get fair play. Then he completely flunked out of the job and announced his coming to America, to challenge the winner of the Corbett and Fitzsimmons fight.

"He needn't do any challenging at all," said Billy Brady when I spoke about the matter the other day. "Corbett will fight him off the reel at any time, and for as much money as he can get."

Mitchell's object in coming to America is to trade upon the reputation of Corbett and Fitzsimmons and acquire such notoriety as he can get by attaching himself as a tail-end to the proposed fight. His game has always been to get hold of some theatrical "angel" whom he "cons" out of a contract to pay a fabulous salary. A year ago it was Edwards who paid him \$1,200 a week during the time he was on tour. To do this the latter lost the profits of another theatrical venture, and ran himself into debt. It was upon this connection alone that Mitchell depended to quit a winner on the Corbett fight, and that he returned to England \$18,000 to his good, is ample evidence of the fact that his scheming was profitable.

Here is a novel suggestion affecting the interests of the men who comprise the light heavyweight division. There are ten men who comprise that class—Choyinski, Hall, Maher, Fitzsimmons, Craig, O'Donnell, Denver Smith, Slavin, Mitchell and St. John. An interesting tournament might be arranged, to last an entire week, consisting of a certain number of limited round bouts; each man to contest until the winner of the greatest number of bouts is determined. The qualifications of the men named are so even, that an element of uncertainty would be involved in the final outcome of the struggle, and interest maintained to the end. The honor of winning need not be the only incentive to contest. A \$1,000 sweepstake might be arranged, and the Seaside or any of the large clubs that make a specialty of boxing, might reasonably offer a purse of \$25,000 to be divided according to the wishes of the contestants. It would be quite a possible thing for the winner to take \$20,000 out of such an affair.

A club that would handle such a tournament ought to make between \$40,000 and \$50,000; for the attractions named ought to crowd any arena in the country to its utmost capacity.

Besides, it is a question, in my mind, whether the authorities in the cities where the laws are most stringent would be justified in stopping such an affair.

Boxing tournaments, for amateurs, are held without interference, and there is no good and sufficient reason why the same kind of a competition, confined to men who are familiar with the fine points of boxing, should not be tolerated.

To organize and manage such an affair would require the services of a talented man; but in view of its promised success it would be worth while devoting one entire year to getting it in condition to be the greatest pugilistic event of the century.

Corbett and Jackson have been purposely left out of the list for the reason that in my humble opinion they would not enter a competition such as the one proposed, for reasons that are obvious.

By the way, Peter Maher is cutting quite a wide swath in pugilistic affairs just now; and his backer, John J. Quinn, of Pittsburgh, is seemingly determined that the big Celt shall establish his right to prestige as an aspirant to championship fame. Maher already has two important matches on his hands and ere another week gets around he will have another, making three fights; any one of which would justify a pugilist of greater prominence than himself in taking a year's vacation. He will meet Hall on Feb. 22 in Boston. Win or lose there he is booked for a meeting with Jake Kilrain within two weeks; and the match that is now pending is with Steve O'Donnell. A meeting between Billy Brady, who is behind O'Donnell, and Maher's backer, will be held at the Police Gazette office in a day or two to consummate arrangements for a bout.

Little Tom Denny, a featherweight and the most recent arrival from Albion's shore called at the Police Gazette office in company with Sam Fitzpatrick. Denny is a likely looking youngster; and as his record is all right, he ought to make one of our "feathers" hustle to keep their laurels. He is in good hands and already has a match to interest him. He will meet Solly Smith at Coney Island in a limited round encounter on the same night as the Leeds-Griffith bout. This will be in the nature of a trial affair and the result will shape his fistic career on this side of the Atlantic.

The fight between Frank Craig, the "Harlem Coffee Cooler," and Frank P. Slavin is now an assured fact. Final arrangements have been completed and the affair will be held in London on March 11.

Until the announcement of the date and place of holding the contest I have been dubious about the "Cooler's" sincerity in engaging in this affair, but he has apparently been ejected or bluffed into making a match that I believe is ill advised. The advantages are all against the American; despite the talk about his recently acquired skillfulness. He has weight and reach to overcome. Slavin, as I remember him, is a much bigger man than Craig in every way. Is stronger, quite as agile and rather clever with his hands; though not marvellously so. Disposition may have made him slow and taken some of the stamina out of him; but even so he will have advantages that Craig will have some difficulty to overcome.

Craig's head, I think, has been turned by the attention he has aroused in England, and I fancy he sees in himself the prospective holder of the championship title. His victory over a few "stiffs" has induced him to believe that he can beat the world. All the knock-outs credited to him in England had a "fakey" look about them. McCarthy, whom he beat on the level, was outclassed; Pritchard succumbed to a chance blow; and if the Cooler takes any credit out of those victories he is welcome to it. If Slavin is anything like as good as he was when he was under the mentorship of Charley Mitchell, he ought to beat Craig.

In Cincinnati the professional boxer has met another Waterloo in the person of Mayor Caldwell, who says: "I note that much trouble has been taken to arrange contests between Smith and Lavack and Choyinski and Creedon. Now, if Mr. Kelly, the matchmaker, had consulted me in regard to the matter I could have saved him time and trouble, for I will not permit these men to thump each other in this city. I wish to stop glove contests in this city for two reasons. In the first place they draw to Cincinnati a very undesirable element, and a number of complaints have been made to me on that score. Fighters are flocking here from the East, West, North and South, and if they are not chased out as fast as they come in the fault will be with the Chief of Police, for he has orders to scatter them. My second reason is that boxing is overdone. Instead of arranging meetings between local boxers the clubs have sent all over the country for men, and this work must stop." This is somewhat severe on M. Wellington Leonard and other New Yorkers in Cincinnati, for, with the cold registering below zero, the walking will not be pleasant.

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Apropos of the efforts of the reformers in various parts of the country to put an end to fistic sport, it might be well to call attention to the fact that in California an effort is being made to introduce a bill in the Legislature to permit boxing bouts limited to 35 rounds. After several years of inactivity, the Californians have awakened to a realization of the injustice they have submitted to, and propose to correct matters if sensible legislators can be induced to look at the matter from a reasonable point of view. California long maintained its reputation for having good pugilistic clubs. It was in San Francisco that the first boxing clubs were organized and flourished, much to the chagrin of the Eastern sports, who envied the Californians the pugilistic good things that were thrown in their way. To California belongs the credit of effecting a revolution in pugilism that has elevated the sport and placed it upon a plane with racing, baseball and kindred pastimes.

"SAM" AUSTIN.

RIOT AT A BOXING SHOW.

Police Stop a Bout and a Bad Decision Precipitates a Free Fight.

At this critical time, when legislation which threatens the future of fistic sport is pending at Albany, one might be justified in believing that the individuals most interested—the boxers—would do all in their power to effect the influence of the reform element by conducting themselves in a manner that would recommend them and their profession to the consideration of reasonable thinking people; but boxers of the pin-head type, anxious for notoriety, but without brains more than enough to keep them alive, seem to take a keen delight in doing something calculated to show up the worst side of the many pastimes, and coincidentally excite disgust on the part of those who are disposed to favor the continuance of the sport.

An individual of this type was very much in evidence at Prof. Mike Donovan's show at Lenox Lyceum, New York, last Saturday night. He not only caused the police to interfere in the bout in which he was engaged, but he precipitated a free fight on the stage, justified the police in stopping the show before it got fairly under way, had himself and his opponent arrested, and raised havoc generally. To Denny Butler, the whole trouble was principally due. In his capacity as referee he gave a palpably unfair decision when the bout should have been declared a draw, and those on the inside said that the favored man got the verdict simply because Butler had planned to take him to England to star as "America's lightweight champion." The decision angered the loser to such a degree that he assaulted his opponent then and there, and then the riot followed.

The contestants were Tom Hayes, a local blacksmith, and Billy Ahearn. No sooner had time been called than they rushed at each other. Ahearn cut out a terrific pace at once, and soon slugged Hayes on the jaw and neck with such frequency that he had his man tottering on the ropes. But Hayes soon recovered from his surprise and was fighting like a tiger when the first round ended. It was fierce work on the part of both men. Police Inspector Williams did not say a word.

The second round found Hayes a tougher customer than the sports had believed him to be. He was full of fight, and in a red-hot mix-up he landed such a terrific right-hand swing on Ahearn's jaw that the latter fell against the ropes, dazed and groggy. But Ahearn was dead game and soon punched Hayes into a corner, where they were wrestling and trying to trip each other when the round ended.

Everybody had an eye on the Inspector now, but he made no move to stop the fight. When the men stood up for the third round there was a sigh of relief. Hayes now cut loose. He jabbed his left straight into Ahearn's face and landed two heavy cross-counters on the mouth. Ahearn tried his best to land some hot ones, but Hayes was too clever and got out of harm's way with remarkable agility. It was clearly Hayes' round when time expired, but as there was still another round to be fought the crowd refrained from any remarks.

The men, however, had been slugging a little too hard to suit the taste of the big Inspector, who now arose and directed Butler to prevent further proceedings and ordered the men off the stage. Butler at once said to the crowd:

"This bout can't go further and I pronounce Mister Ahearn the winner!"

In an instant there was an uproar. Ahearn grinned and walked across the stage, extending his hand to Hayes. But the latter was very angry, and, losing his head, smashed Ahearn squarely in the eye with his right.

In a second the fighters were rolling over and over on the floor, while their seconds, bottle holders, and other hangers-on were trying to pull them apart. Finally Hayes was pulled away by Butler, but he was fighting anybody and everybody, and quickly knocked two men down. One of Ahearn's seconds then ran across the stage and hit Hayes a heavy blow in the mouth. It was a free fight under all sorts of rules, and the greatest excitement prevailed. The police by this time had climbed through the ropes and were taking quite a hand in the row, while the Inspector and police Captain were yelling all sorts of instructions. When the men had been literally dragged from the ring Williams called out:

"Arrest both of those fighters!"

Policeman Lantry then escorted them to the dressing room, where they hurriedly dressed for the march to the East Fifty-first street station. The crowd was simply wild now and all kinds of remarks were hurled at the police.

Inspector Williams then decided to put an end to the whole business, and said to Donovan, Butler, and others in charge of affairs:

"There can be no more fighting here to-night. Clear the hall at once!"

Donovan announced to the crowd that he was sorry that the show had been stopped, but that no money could be refunded as it would be hard to tell who had paid for tickets.

Ahearn and Hayes were taken to the police station. A charge of disorderly conduct and fighting was made against them by Policeman Lantry, acting under instructions from the Inspector, who was present.

PHILLIPS AGAIN CHAMPION.

George Phillips, of the New York Athletic Club, won the fancy figure skating championship last Saturday afternoon, under conditions that would have been ideal but for the strong northerly wind on the lake of the South Orange Field Club. Of the six men on the entry list, only three appeared. The competitors were Phillips, R. J. Schaefer, and G. Warrick, of Newark. The other entries were Messrs. Sumner and Evans, of Boston, and Schultze, of Hoboken. The superiority of Phillips' work to that of his rivals was judged from the fact that in every one of the twenty-one figures he obtained the largest number of points, scoring in all 63 points, the maximum, and winning the gold championship medal for the fourth time. Schaefer followed second, with 37 points, and Warrick was last, with 26.

OUR LETTER BOX.

Letters have been received here for the following named persons. Send two cent stamp or stamped envelope, with your address, and it will be forwarded:

Allart, Miss Nellie	Gieson, Charley	Muldoon, Wm
Alexander, Ted	Glynn, James	Murphy, Billy
Athleta, Mlle	Goddard, Joe (2)	Murphy, Wm
Beauden, Michael	Goode, Chesterfield (3)	Myers, Lon
Boden, Mike	Gorman, Paddy	McCahey, Dominick
Bogan, Fred	Golden, Peter	McFregel, G
Brown, T	Gowland, Jack	McMillan, W
Burge, Jim	Greco, S	McNally, Barney
Burke, Jack	Griffith, Young (4)	Newman, Billy
Butler, A	Grace, Jack	Pierce, Eddie
Cahill, Pat	Griffiths, Albert	Pullen, W H (2)
Camp, Eugene	Haggerty, John (2)	Quirk, James
Canning, E J	Hanley, Jack	Quinlino, Michael
Cannon, Tom	Harrison, H D	Rodd, Walter
Cass, James	Hart, Chas	Rosen, Lew
Choyinski, Joe	Hayes, John	Spiraling, Mr
Collins, Jim (3)	Herty, Dan	Strong, Geo (3)
Connors, Tom	Hughes, John	Sullivan, John L
Courvoise, Geo W	Johnson, Mr (2)	Taylor, Norman
Cunningham, Fred	Kaufmann, Mr	Taylor, Steve
Daly, James	Kistler, Geo	Tiernan, Miss Millie
De Angeles, Jeff	Koster, John	Toner, E
Deering, Miss Rose	Kuny, William	Touby, Jas
Doobius, E T	La Blanche, Geo	Waddell, R J
Douchie, Michael	Laffin, Prot	Wagner, C
Dowd, D L	Lee C C	Weir, Ike O'Neill
Draper, Thomas	Linn, Prof J P	Whistler, Geo (2)
Early, Joe	London, J S	White, Jas
Farley, Frank	Luedi, Con	Wilson, Teddy
Gannon, Bros, Wm	Medio, Jas	Weston, Edward
Gardland Museum	Maher, Billy	Van Tassel, F A
Gannon, Geo	Moore, Dick	Yeager, Billy

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Franklin Square, New York.

Cal McCarthy, who is matched to fight Joe Craig, of the Scottish-American Athletic Club, ten rounds for a purse of \$300 at the Pastime Athletic Club boxing tournament in Greenville, N. J. on Feb. 18, disappeared from Jersey City a week ago. None of his friends knew where he had gone, and the sporting fraternity was of the opinion that he had thrown up the match. A letter was received by a friend of Cal a few days ago which contained the surprising news that he was training industriously for the bout at Old Point Comfort.

Another English fighter is getting ready to come to America. This one is the lightweight, Arthur Valentine. According to a late cable to the Police Gazette he is anxious to fight Kid Lavigne at 133 pounds, providing a suitable purse and expenses can be got to induce him to come over from England. At 133 pounds Valentine can get a merry game in this country. Between Lavigne, Leeds, Everhardt, Zeliger, McCarthy and Griffo, he would probably get all the fighting he wants to indulge in.

Frank White, who died last week, had probably the largest and most complete photographic collection of pugilistic celebrities in the world. They included every fighter of prominence since the time of Tom Figg; and many of them have the autographs of the distinguished originals. Many of the pictures formerly ornamented the walls of Oswego Geoghegan's, Harry Hill's, and other famous sporting resorts in the metropolis. The cost and labor of accumulating the collection represents a value of \$1,000, but it can be purchased from the dead pugilist's son, for very little money. The gallery in its entirety would be an acquisition to any sporting house.

The Shawmut Rowing Club, of Boston, will hold its annual amateur sparring tournament at its boat house, off the Dover street bridge, on the evening of March 7. The following entries have already been received: 105 pounds—Frank Coffey, Nick Harrigan, John McCarthy, Frank Keenan, Andy O'Neill and Billy Dority. 115 pounds—Martin Mulken, Jack Hamilton, Dennis Sullivan, Mike Sullivan, James Degan and James Kilday. 135 pounds—Fred Meisner and Mike Stapleton. 145 pounds—Pat Murphy and Jondo Young. Special, 125 pounds—Jerry Linnehan and Frank McLaughlin. Trougher, the Haverhill 135-pounder, is anxious for a match with any man of his weight. All entries should go to J. F. Smith, Shawmut Rowing Club, Dover street bridge, Boston.

There is little likelihood now of Parson Davies, Tommy Ryan and Joe Choyinski going to England before next September. According to a cable received at the Police Gazette office, the National Sporting Club will only give a \$10,000 purse for Ryan and Nickless, and the latter will only match for \$1,000 a side. Craig refuses to meet Choyinski before next October, but will fight him then for \$1,000 a side, and the National Sporting Club will give a \$2,500 purse. Burge will fight Ryan in October or November next for \$2,500 a side and the same amount hung up in a purse. Parson Davies said, when shown the cable, that it would not pay him to go across unless he could get assurances of two matches, one for each of his proteges. He will probably accept the offer to meet Craig and Burge in the fall.

Cripple Creek, Col., turns off many a hot sporting event, judging from the following letter received at the Police Gazette office the other day:

Cripple Creek, Col., February 2, 1895.

Three interesting 4-round bouts between local aspirants for fistic honors were held last Thursday in the Novelty Theatre, before a large audience of home people, with a generous sprinkling of Leadville, Pueblo, Colorado Springs and Denver sports. The star actors however, of the evening, were Jack Crowley of Cripple Creek, and Robert L. Thompson of Salt Lake City. As a result, many of the local fraternity are poorer, sadder, but wiser. They had come to believe that Jack Crowley, who is a whole-souled good fellow and intensely popular at home, and who, furthermore, had never been worsted in a single one of his long line of battles in the boxing arena, was invincible. But in the 30-round draw Thompson was the sole and undisputed owner of the laurels.

Crowley, though entering the ring with the advantages of reach, height and 15 pounds in weight, was completely outclassed in ring generalship and ring tactics and was forced to fight on the defensive from start to finish, being the recipient of much punishment but dealing out little in return. Not in a single round even, barring accidents, was it apparent that the pride of Cripple Creek had a ghost of a chance of winning, and nothing but heavy-weight gloves saved him from a knockout in the early stage of the game. Thompson escaped without a single scratch, but administered frequent and terrible punishment over his man's eyes, mouth and heart. Crowley was game and kept a mighty stout heart in the face of a steadily losing game. Thompson fights at 133 and 135, and if we mistake not, is a coming hot huster in his weight division. He has given his friends tangible reasons for thinking better and better of him. He has won the title of champion of his class in the northwest, is of fine build and trains hard. He is rightly set up, and rightly put together. With an excellent record behind him, he starts east in about ten days, announcing himself ready for top notchers. Fred Ross, and the Montana Kid were in Crowley's corner. Hugh Louis, Thompson's trainer and backer, T. M. Taylor, a noted Hoosier sport, and Mabel, better known as the "Young Harlem Coffee Cooler," waited on Thompson. Popular Jim Casaday gave excellent satisfaction as referee.

ORTON MEETS HIS MATCH.

One of the sensations at the Boston A. A.'s in-door games at Mechanics' Hall, Boston, last Saturday night, was the performance of M. G. Gonterman, the Harvard sprinter, in the forty-yard dash. There were ninety-six actual starters in the event, and it took sixteen heats to weed out the men. In the final heat the race was in doubt until the tape was breathed, when it was found that Gonterman had won in the remarkably fast time of 4 1/2 seconds. C. H. Kilpatrick, a Union College man, ran a dead heat with G. W. Orton, of the University of Pennsylvania, in the one mile race. In the one mile handicap Kilpatrick was scratch man. The limit was seventy yards, and he got lost in the crowd of twenty-one starters. J. D. Delaney, with a mark of ten yards, won the event handsly.

GOOD PIGEON SHOOTING.

A cable from Nice, France, last Sunday, says that Hanny won the cup in the shoot-off for the Monte Carlo prize. Count Ploick scored twenty-three birds out of a possible twenty-three in the contest for the consolation prize, beating Galeto, who got twenty-two out of twenty-three, and Riva, who got twenty-one out of twenty-two. In the third contest Count Bernstorff won, with nineteen birds out of twenty. In the fourth shoot Henson and Blake were tied. Each of the last two contests was for a pool. Henson and Blake divided 1,500 francs.

FOR TAT TIED FEELING! Over 1,000 recipes in the Police Gazette's "Tired Feeling" Guide, copiously illustrated. Sold by all newsdealers or sent by mail to any address on receipt of price, 25 cents each. RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square, New York.



ELOPED WITH ANOTHER.

SHE HEARTLESSLY JILTED HER OLD LOVER AND RAN AWAY WITH HIS RIVAL, AT FLEMINGSBURG, KY.



WILLIAM CARROLL,

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WOMEN VISITED THE SALOONS.

THEY WANTED THE PROPRIETORS TO CLOSE, BUT ENCOUNTERED MALE RELATIVES INSTEAD, AT TROY, N. Y.



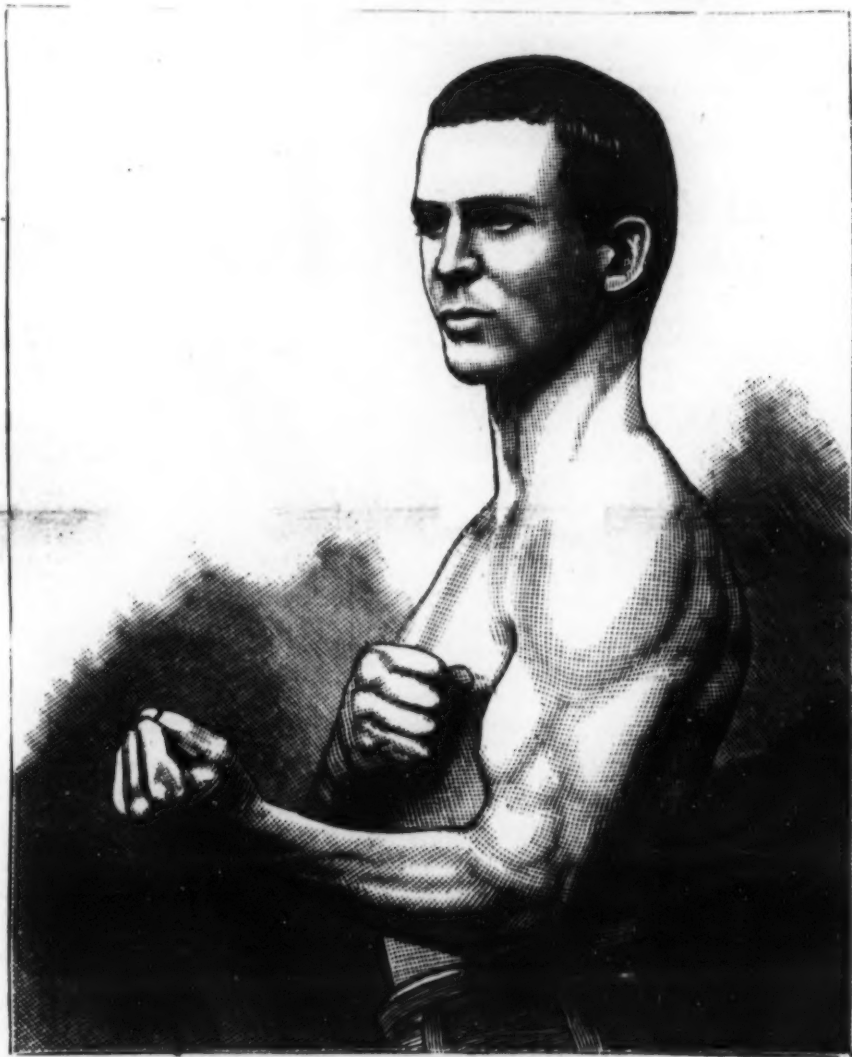
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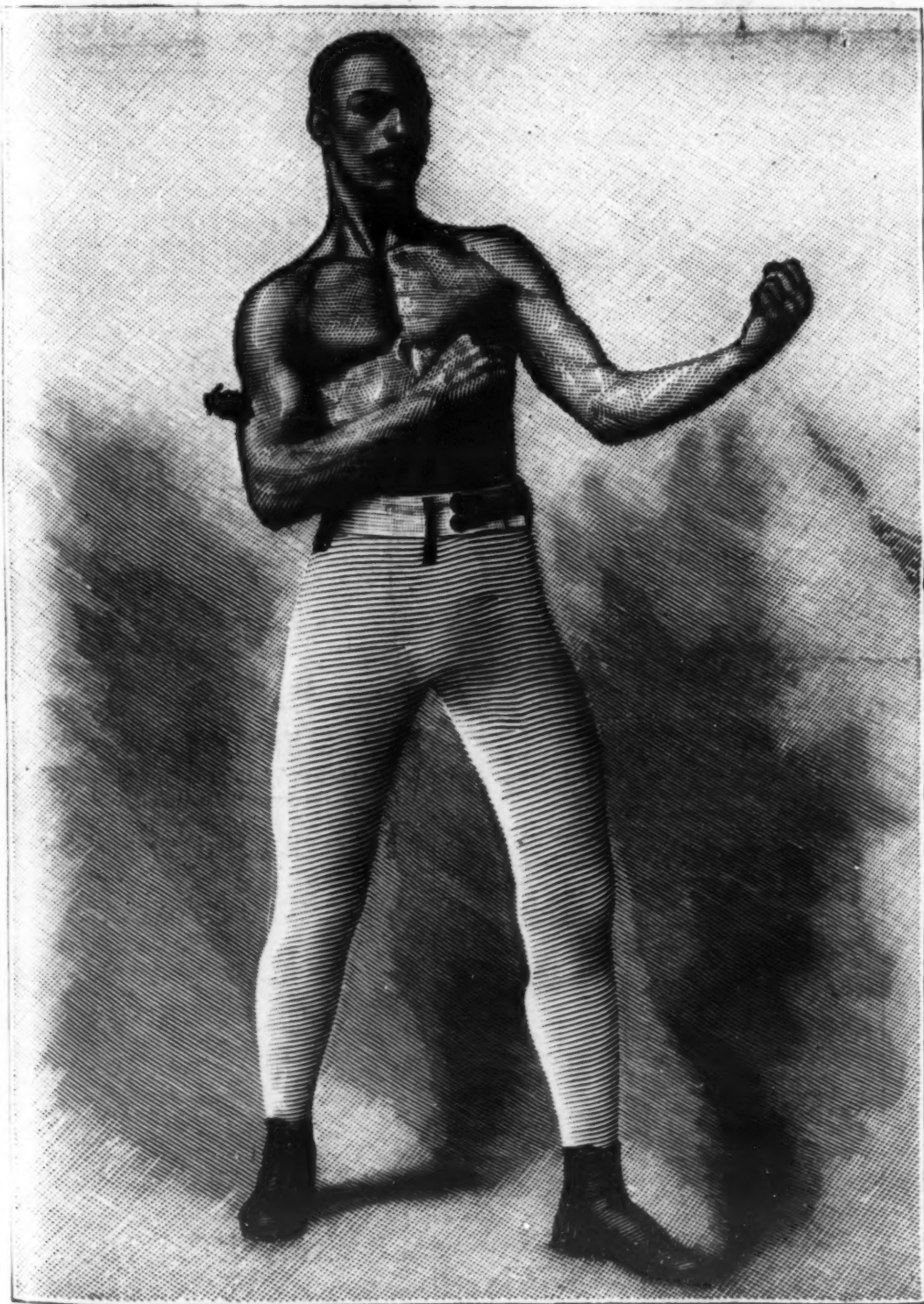
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Four Golden Opportunities During 1895.

Four Supplement Numbers of the "Police Gazette" in Rich Colors. Two sets of Companion Pictures to appear during this year.

The first Supplement Number will be No. 816, published March 14th. This beautiful lithograph will be entirely different from any heretofore gotten up, and this issue will sell like wild-fire.

Advertising rate will remain unchanged, \$1.00 per line.

Forms close Thursday noon, March 7. Do not hesitate. Delays are dangerous. Second thoughts are not always the best.

Address
RICHARD K. FOX,
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Dear Editor: Please inform your readers that I written to confidentially, I will mail, in a sealed letter, the plan pursued by which I was permanently restored to health and manly vigor, after years of suffering from Nervous Weakness, night losses and weak, shrunken parts.

I have no scheme to extort money from any one who soever. I was robbed and swindled by the quacks until I nearly lost faith in mankind, but, thank Heaven, I am now well, vigorous and strong, and anxious to make this certain means of cure known to all.

Having nothing to sell or send C. O. D., I want no money. Address
JAS. A. HARRIS,
Box 80, Delray, Mich.

\$1,000 REWARD!

\$500 will be paid for the return of the "Police Gazette" Heavy-weight Championship Belt, stolen at Davenport, Ia., Nov. 11; an additional \$500 will be paid for the arrest and conviction of the thief or thieves.
RICHARD K. FOX.

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FREE! A Solid Gold Filled American Hunting Case Elgin Style Watch and a Set of Silverware, FREE. We want your trial order for 100 of our full sized 4 1/2 in. HAVANA PERFECTS CIGARETTES. To introduce our brand, we will send you a FREE 14k Solid Gold filled Elgin style Hunting case Watch, and a handsomely lined case containing 6 knives and 6 forks, hand-engraved, guaranteed by Sterling Silver Plate Co. We will send Watch, Silverware and 100 Cigars in one package, to any part of the United States, C. O. D. \$9.50. Remember we don't send a cheap open face watch. We positively affirm that we send a hunting case, elegantly engraved, full jeweled, gold filled watch with a 29 year guarantee, as handsome as any solid gold watch; either ladies' or gents' size. When you see it you will say that we are correct in making this statement. The Watch and Silverware, if bought at retail, would cost you \$25 to \$30 alone. It costs you nothing—why? Simply because we are strictly in the Cigar business and are the largest Cigar Dealers in America, and make you this offer solely to introduce our brand. You have nothing to risk and all to gain, therefore order. Cut this out, return it to us with your full name and address and we will immediately express you the Cigars, Watch and Silverware for examination. After examining everything, if satisfactory, pay the agent \$9.50 for all; otherwise don't pay. Instead of the silverware you can have a Five Shooter 32 or 38 calibre double action Smith & Wesson Cartridge Revolver. Address in full, RIVERSIDE CIGAR CO., Dept. Q, No. 175 Greenwich St., N. Y.

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Cures Gonorrhea and Gleet in 2 to 3 days. A safe, speedy, permanent cure. No bad after effects. Prescribed by leading Doctors. Hospitals' favorite remedy. Circular free. For 75 cents, one bottle of 40 Pearls, by mail Postpaid, 3 Bottles, \$2. All druggists. J. W. GEDNEY, 203 East 88th St., New York.

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Quickest Relief, Simms' Pennyroyal Pills, \$1. at office or by mail, failure impossible; acknowledged the best regulator ever made, the most obstinate cases readily relieved, all complaints quickly relieved. Lady Attendant, Private Office, 106 East Thirty-first street, New York.

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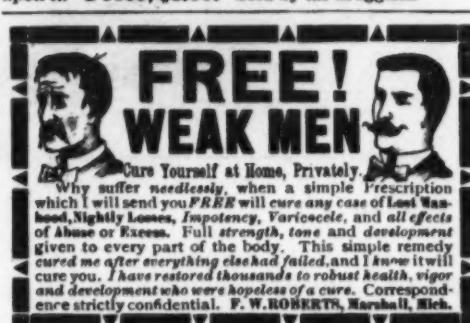
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 A victim of youthful errors causing Emissions, Small, Weak Parts, Lost Manhood, Nervous Debility, Varicocele, etc., having discovered a quick, permanent, private, home cure, will send the prescription with full directions, sealed, FREE to anyone in need of it, and will furnish the medicine, if desired, at a low price. Address, **L. BRADLEY, Box 1904, Battle Creek, Mich.**

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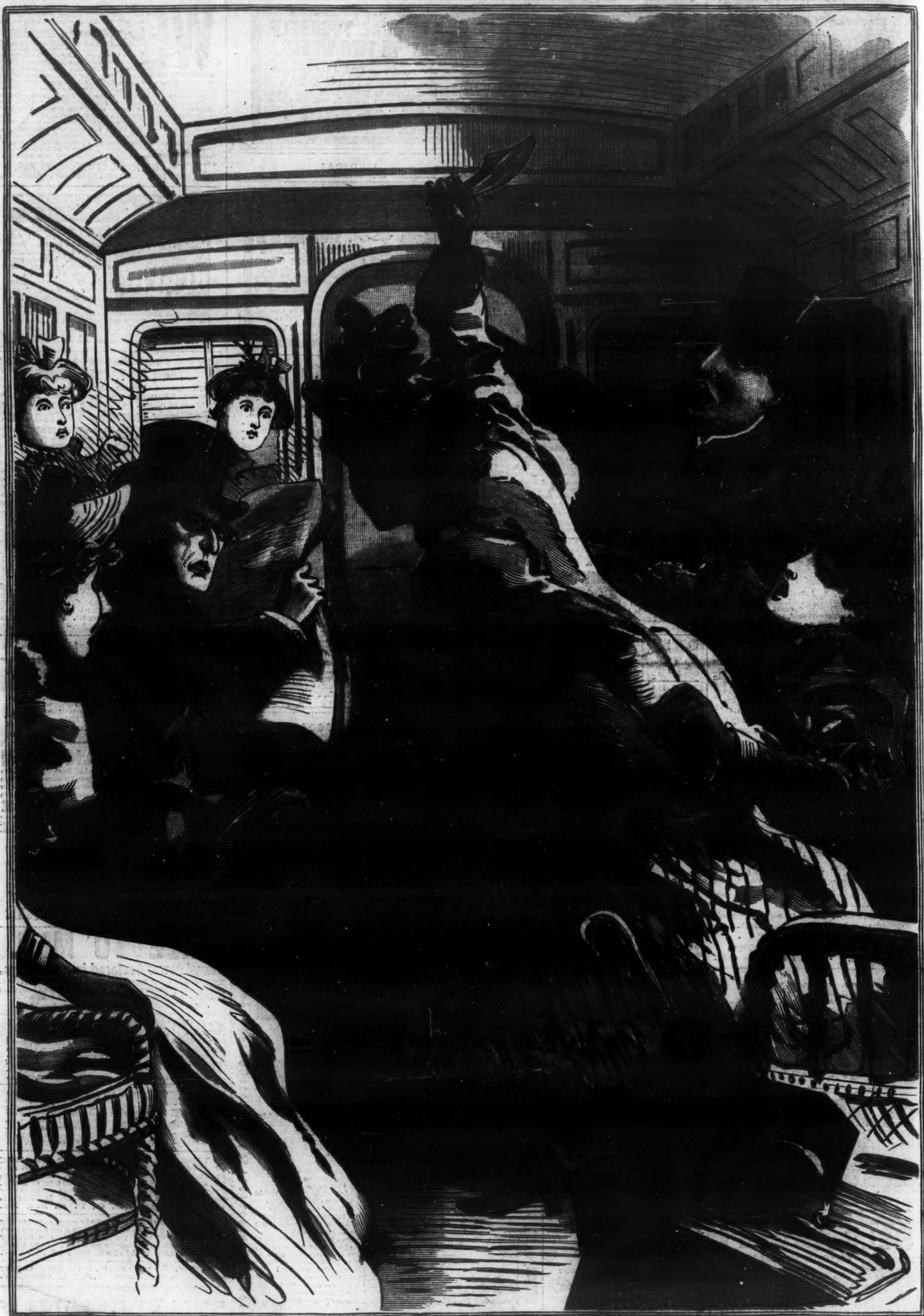
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